11630.b.12

B.M.

A Present from the Auth

PORTSMOUTH.

"My much lov'd active friend"

Lear, I. 5.

PORTSMOUTH.

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

IN

TWO BOOKS.

By ARCHIBALD MAXWELL.

Poema eſt pictura loquens.

——audendi ſemper fuit æqua poteſtas
Scimus & hanc veniam petimus.

HORACE.

PORTSMOUTH:

Printed and ſold by W. HORTON, J. WILKINSON, and R. CARR; by B. COLLINS in *Saliſbury*; and by W. OWEN, Bookſeller, near *Temple-Bar*, *London*.

MDCCLV.

(Price One Shilling.)

PORTSMOUTH.

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM,

IN

TWO BOOKS.

PORTSMOUTH.

BOOK I.

WHY feels my Heart this Impulſe? Or from whence
Springs this unus'd Deſire? Shall I, unwont
To touch the tuneful String, attempt the Song;
When thoſe whom Nature bleſſes with the Gift
Of ſweet poetic Sounds, continue ſtill
In Silence? Yes, my much-lov'd native Place
Demands my greateſt Ardor, and my Soul
With Zeal impell'd, ſhall truſt her feeble Pow'rs.
Come thou O Guardian Genius who inſpir'ſt
Each honeſt Breaſt, with patriotic Flames;
Thou who inſtill'ſt true Vigor in the Heart,
And curb'ſt the riſing Force of ſelfiſh Pride:
Be thou my Muſe, and teach my artleſs Voice,
To raiſe the Song, and pleaſe CORNELIA's Ear.

Say

Say how where *Britain*'s broad cærulean Wall,
To ſouthern Climes extenſive ſpreads, the Town,
Now PORTSMOUTH call'd, firſt rear'd her humble Face;
Till added Beauties from the Womb of Time,
Succeſſive ſpringing, deck'd the lowly Scene,
And She in martial Majeſty appear'd.

Long had the Place a calm Retreat ſupply'd
To Men inur'd to Toil, who ev'ry Morn,
Search'd the wide Ocean for the finny Prey;
No ſtately Fabrick then, but mud-wrought Huts,
The Space poſſeſs'd; till under gen'rous Reigns,
Of *England*'s Warlike Kings; but chiefly when
Our far-fam'd Throne, a glorious maiden Queen
Suſtain'd, whoſe naval Arms reſiſtleſs ſcourg'd
The proud *Iberean*, to his fartheſt Coaſt;
Britannia's Genius taught its honeſt Sons,
Juſt Sentiments of this Important Place;
Houſes, at diſtant Spaces then aroſe,

And gradually connecting Dome with Dome,
Simple in Neatneſs, PORTSMOUTH preſs'd the Plain;
Till great *Eliza*, by mechanic Art,
With a ſtrong mural Zone, engirt her Waſte.
Thus PORTSMOUTH firſt its Eminence can trace;
But hoary Time advancing, with its Hand
Mouldred her Parapets, the lofty Wall
To its Foundation nodding, BRUNSWICK's Arm,
Each god-like Act performing, bounteous rais'd
The age-ſhook Stones; and with redoubled Strength,
And added Luſtre, beautify'd the Whole.
So Fame reports, the Phœnix, wond'rous Bird!
By lengthned Years, its Thread of Life ſpun out,
Conſumes its Body; from the dying Fires,
When the laſt Aſhes ſink, and lucid Stream
Curls in the ambient Air, new-plum'd aſcends,
And wings its Way, freſh-vigor'd to the Skies.
Thus PORTSMOUTH's varied-angle Wall deſign'd

By modern Art, and new Inventions rais'd,
Excell'd her former Fame. Now infant Hours
Stole ſweetly on my Life; and innocent,
Oft would I roam the riſing Battlements;
And mingling childiſh Sport, collect the Seeds
Of future Thought, of Glory, Good and Shame.
Impreſſive Hours! Then did the Woman beſt
Of all her Sex, my Mind ſuſceptible,
Faſhion with each maternal Care. O Shade!
That now or wanders in th' *Elyſian* Groves,
Or ſympathetic urges ſtill my Soul,
To virtuous Emulation; here accept
My grateful Thanks, the greateſt I can give.
Then did I tread along th' ennamell'd Mount,
And firſt deſcending on the ſloping Graſs,
With curious Eye, peep down the rocky Steep,
And ſaw the finny Brood, in Circles play,
And ſportive cut the winding ſhallow Flood;

Till the Brain giddy, ſudden Fear impell'd
Me trembling from the Scene: Or thoughtleſs then,
I view'd the frequent Rows of faſhion'd Ore;
Nor dreamt of farther Ill; but now inform'd,
By more Experience, when at diff'rent Space,
Alternate Cannon ſtretch their dreadful Throats,
Commanding diſtant Plains, lament that Man
In Vice's Cauſe, abuſing heav'nly Gifts,
Exalts Deſtruction to its greateſt Height;
Which ſad Neceſſity, thro' Man's Elapſe,
Muſt partly juſtify; and dire Attack,
Demands as dire Repulſe: Yet curſt the Man!
Who from Earth's Entrails, tore the ſable Means,
To actuate each Engine: Was the Race
Of Mortals, wanting in deſtructive Arts?
Or was the murd'ring Catapulta's Force,
For human Malice, ſtill inadequate?
Fell not the Stone, pervading limpid Air,

With Shock ſufficient? that Invention's Pow'r
Was rack'd, to render Force more horrible.
Then roar'd the Cannon's Voice, whoſe dreadful Sound,
Shaking the Atmoſphere, to diſtant Shores
With thund'ring Terror, ſpreads its wide Alarms.
How much ſuperior ſhines *Cathaia*'s * Son!
When taught the Compoſition; no Deſire
Deſtructive, ſtruggled in his lab'ring Breaſt;
Intent on Good; the curious Eye alone,
Invented Means to pleaſe; and gen'rous ſcorn'd,
Each Quality malign; thence ſprung the Train
Of artful Lights; which in nocturnal Hours,
In higheſt Airs, or on the Water's Face,
With ſweet Variety their Splendors ſhew;
This ſerpentine Progreſſion, or in that

The

* *The* Chineſe *were acquainted with Gun-powder long before it was known in* Europe; *but never uſed it, except in Fire-works, to celebrate their Feſtivals.*

See VOLTAIRE.

The mounting Rocket, ſheds a glowing Trail,
Till in the ſeeming Heav'ns, it burſting ſhoots
Apparent lucid Rivals of the Stars.
Whilſt the *European* ſtill new Evils urg'd,
And form'd the Bomb, the Cohorn and Grenade;
Whoſe Entrails made of jarring Elements,
Burſt from their Priſon, bear each Bound away,
And ſpread a quick Mortality around.
But theſe, whene'er our Country calls for Aid,
Againſt our treach'rous Enemy, may ſerve
Each Purpoſe; yet more willing could I ſeek,
In peaceful Solitude, far gentler Themes
To celebrate; direct my frequent Step
To leave the ſloping Mound, till th'outward Wall
Encloſes round; then mild Philoſophy,
In the ſecluded Place, might teach the Mind,
Well pleas'd with Contemplation's Charms, t'explore
Each ſecret Spring of Nature; there explain

How in capill'ry Tubes, the genial Sap
Aſcending, in the fluid Air, expands
In virid Wonders, from th'extending Trees,
Whoſe waving Tops, in future Years, ſhall ſpread
Umbrageous; and the Sun's meridian Rays,
Too pow'rful ſhall repel; while gentle Gales
Soft whiſp'ring thro' the Branches, murm'ring fan
Each ſnowy Neck; O * Honeywood! to thee
The grateful Fair, that treads the pleaſant Round,
Each feſtive Hour, ſhall mental Tribute pay:
Thou who with gen'rous Art adorn'd the Scene,
Producing rural Sweets, to chaſe away,
The ſavage Roughneſs, from the martial Soul;
Which when exploring ev'ry dreadful Uſe,
The Paliſſade, the Mote or Baſtion's threat,

To

* *Sir* Philip Honeywood, *the late Governor, planted the Trees on the Wall, which in a few Years will render it one of the pleaſanteſt Walks in* England.

To gloomy Thoughts incline; theſe needful then
In peaceful Hours, t'exhilerate the Mind,
Now varied Objects, here conſpire to pleaſe,
Whether the Eye looks o'er the azure Flood,
Till the Horizon ſtrains its View, or if
Tracing the neighb'ring Country's Elegance,
That fertile, ſpreads to where the modern * Fort,
The once too much neglected Coaſt, defends;
This when *Britannia*, midſt impending Ills,
From Superſtition's Gloom, and papal Chains,
By Heav'n's Decree, a god-like Youth preſerv'd,
And cruſh'd her Enemies, a ſlender Pledge
Of Gratitude aroſe, and WILLIAM's Name,
Immortaliz'd the Work. Yet nigher ſee
The tow'ring † Caſtle all tremendous ſeems;

Look

* Cumberland Fort, *erected in honour of his Royal Highneſs the Duke, in* 1746.
† *Southſea Caſtle.*

Look how the foaming Surges ſweep around,
And whirl the Pebbles, from the ſloping Shore,
Whilſt this ſuperior, to their greateſt Pow'r,
Unſhaken ſtands; ſo fix'd the princely Bull,
When from the murky Show'rs the Rain deſcends;
To ſhelter, ruſh the gentle feather'd Tribe,
With trembling Haſte; while he as nought diſmay'd,
With ſullen Pride, the wat'ry Streams defies.

Theſe, with the Batt'rys, and the Platform's Front,
Threat'ning the Ocean, ſpeak the mighty Strength
Defenſive; which whene'er the dreadful War,
Here ſhall direct the grim *Bellona*'s Steps,
Shall rage aloud, fed from the ſmutty Heaps
Of Sulphur, Charcoal, and the nitrous Salts,
Compounded; which in yonder Magazine,
Aptly condens'd, in paſſive ſafety lie,
Till needed — here Imagination ſtarts!
And the big Thought, affrights the thinking Soul!

How weak Security, amidſt ſecure!
Should the leaſt Spark of Fire, unheeded fall,
Or nat'ral Claſh of Elements aloft,
Dart thro' the Roof, immediate Death beſpreads
Her gloomy Wings, on all th' Inhabitants:
Each ſplendid Dome, in ſhiver'd Fragments toſt,
And PORTSMOUTH's Beauties buried in the Duſt.
But ſhall my Mind alone expatiate,
On what with Terror fills reflecting Minds?
Nor view yon modern * Dome? This lately built,
Eaſe to reſtore, and brace the weakned Nerve:
To every gen'rous patriotic Voice,
Applauſe is due, for this extenſive Scheme:
In future Years, when Crowds of languid Men,
Shall haſte, to preſs the health-producing Wave;

Shall

* *The open and cloſe Baths begun and finiſh'd by the worthy Corporation and principal Inhabitants, at their own private Expence; which for Elegance of Structure, and Salubrity of the Water, are no where exceeded.*

Shall, when the Sea their Maladies removes,
With greatful Praiſes, give the juſt Reward.
Here too the pallid Nymph by Sickneſs kept
From innocent Amuſement, ſhall depend
On *Neptune*'s Pow'r, to gain the kind Relief;
Nor ought deceiv'd, the oily-ſaline Wave
Circling her beauteous Form, while ſhe well pleas'd,
The chryſtal Stream, with pliant Limbs divides,
Each Gland obſtructed, and the pent-up Pore,
The Cauſe of Ill, ſhall, penetrating, free:
The Juices, well concocted, in their Tubes,
Without Impediment, ſhall freely flow:
The roſy Flood, depos'd her beauteous Cheek,
Starts from its Exile, and regains its Throne:
Nor ſhall dull Vapors then her Spirits clog;
Theſe in their mazy Circles ſhall proceed,

With niceſt Harmony, their wond'rous round:
While ſhe with conſcious Dignity ſhall riſe,

Like a new *Venus* from the briny Sea.

Weſtward a Mile, ſee GOSPORT, ſiſter Town,
Adorns the Scene, and claims the due Regard:
What tho the guilded Court of Magiſtrates,
With all the Pageantry of Pomp and Show,
No Place has there? What tho the wrangling Noiſe
Of Lawyers, fright not with their barb'rous Sounds?
Nor Nonſence, ſtrive to palm for Eloquence;
Safe from their Arms, in ſweet commercial Arts,
Her Grandeur ſprings, the juſt Pre-eminence.

But the Eye ſtruck with Admiration ſees
A ſtately * Fabrick riſe, where is diſplay'd
The glorious Art of Architects, adorn'd
With ev'ry decent Uſe; and not unworth
A princely Gueſt: This heav'n-born Charity,
Of all the Virtues, which adorn the Soul,
By far ſuperior, ev'ry Gift how vain,

* *The Royal Hoſpital for ſick and hurt Seamen.*

If this be wanting to extend her Charms,
And add the only Luſtre, to the reſt,
Erected: Hither are the hapleſs Men,
Whom Fate decrees corroding Pain t'endure,
And waſting Sickneſs, brought to find Relief,
From human Art, by heav'nly Favor bleſt:
From hence the happier Race, whom kinder ſhe
In Battle, dooms t'experience Wound on Wound,
Shall heal'd depart, and boaſt the honor'd Scars.
When thus convinc'd Humanity controuls
Their fellow Countrymen, to yield each Aid,
Which they enjoy, nor cruel Negligence,
Shall to Affliction add, nor Woe to Woe;
What Zeal! what Ardor! ſhall inſpire their Hearts,
And give a Vigor, ſcarcely natural,
To cruſh th'advancing Foe: No languid Love
Of native Land, ſhall then in doubtful War,
The Ballance turn; and Victory extend

Her pow'rful Arm, towards the Enemy;
But the dear Pledge, ſhall fill their honeſt Souls,
And thro' the thickeſt Lines, propel their Way.
Now o'er a Length of Waves, we far behold,
Where VECTIS, lovelieſt of *Albion's* Iſles,
From *Neptune's* Boſom, lifts her beauteous Head,
And with her varied Scenes attracts the Sight:
Whatever can Imagination paint,
Of pleaſant Meadows, or of flow'ry Vales,
Of golden Fields, and proſpect-yielding Hills,
Of Groves, or ſilver Rivers, ſhe enjoys:
In theſe *Italia's* equal; but her Boaſt
Is Liberty, which from *Lavinia* fled,
Has fix'd her Reſidence in *Britiſh* Iſles.
O Liberty! thou canſt o'er barren Climes,
Diſplay a Luſtre; and without thy Smile,
How dull the fertile Field and balmy Grove,
Spontaneous yielding Nature's richeſt Gifts!

Thou canſt exhilerate the drooping Heart,
And lift the humble Soul to Scenes ſublime;
While the fine Genius, clogg'd by Slav'ry's Pow'r,
Muſt weakly urge its Flight, and pant in vain
To reach the heav'nly Spheres. How happy then
Britannia's Sons! whom thus her Smiles protect;
Who boaſt the Favors which ſo few enjoy:
And are there then midſt ſuch her happy Scenes,
Who wear the honeſt Forms of *Britain*'s Sons,
Who yet would bend to prieſtly Tyranny,
And barter Heav'n's beſt Gift for Wax and Beads?
Yes, curſt Infatuation! ſuch there are,
Who lately ſtruggled in a foreign Cauſe,
To bend their Brethren's Necks, to Pop'ry's Yoke,
Fatal to *Britain*, more than *Cæſar*'s Hoſt;
Who choſe to yield, with calm ſubmiſſive Hands,
What their brave Fathers gain'd thro' Seas of Blood:
But the all-watchful Eye of Providence,

Guarded the lovely Gift; and *Britain* ſtill,
And VECTIS' Iſle, is free from ſlaviſh Chains.
In this delicious Spot, ALAZON liv'd,
Who from a Chain of Anceſtors, receiv'd
A ſmall Eſtate, not leſſned, nor enlarg'd,
By their OEconomy; yet valued more,
Than richeſt Lands of wide Extent, acquir'd
By mean Compliance, and diſhonour'd Arts.
To him, OCTAVIA, Partner of his Bliſs,
Had born a Child, the Chain of nuptial Love;
Whom at her Birth, the tender Parents nam'd
AURELIA, ſhe when future Years advanc'd,
Fill'd each fond Parent's Eyes, with Tears of Joys;
Her well-turn'd Form, and Symmetry of Face,
Tis true, each Gazer's Admiration claim'd;
Yet 'twas the Mind, which ev'ry Grace enrich'd;
Good Nature, Senſe and Virtue, there diſplay'd
The Charms, that caught the raviſh'd Soul, and made

A fix'd Impreſſion on the Heart. Thus ſhone
The Nymph, and VECTIS' Youth, with Love inſpir'd;
But ah! her Heart not yet ſuſceptible,
Rejected ev'ry Suit, till FLORIMOND
From PORTSMOUTH, reach'd the Iſland's fertile Coaſt;
A Youth, whom Nature's Bounty had enrich'd
With ev'ry Charm to captivate the Eye;
But theſe his leſſer Beauties, from the Mind,
Beam'd forth reſplendent Virtues; and preſerv'd
The Conqueſt, that his other Charms had won:
AVARIO's Heir, who from the fartheſt *Ind*,
With Toil induſtrious, boaſted Heaps of Wealth;
And knew no other Charm than yellow Ore:
Mean while, his Son by filial Duty aw'd,
In ſilence mourn'd his Sire's degenerate Taſte.
AURELIA now fluſh'd by the youthful Bloom,
Of Twenty's Year, had caught his roving Eye;
And with a ſecret Paſſion fir'd his Breaſt:

Nor were his Graces, careleſly beheld,
By the young beauteous Maid; pleas'd with his Air,
And Senſe refin'd, ſhe felt a kind Eſteem
Slide o'er her Soul, yet under Friendſhip's Name,
Till the fond Youth, with each endearing Art,
Stamp'd the kind Tranſport with the Mark of Love.

At firſt with trembling Awe the Youth approach'd,
And fearful ſpoke the Fair; the Virgin too,
With modeſt Caution, ſhun'd the anxious Youth;
Till gradually embolden'd, in an Hour,
Each buſy curious Liſt'ner far remov'd,
When the quick-breathing fair One all confus'd,
Spoke more in Sighs than Words could ever ſpake;
His fault'ring Tongue confeſs'd his ardent Flame;
Then pouring forth his Soul with Eloquence,
Which Love alone inſpires; the yielding Maid,
No more diſſembling, while the crimſon Bluſh
Tinctur'd her lovely Cheek, ſhe bad him hope.

Nought

Nought then remaining, but their Sires Conſent;
The Youth and Nymph attempted, but in vain;
ALAZON's Pride, refus'd his Daughter's Pray'r,
And ſcorn'd AVARIO's Birth; he to his Son,
Liſt'ned with cruel Ears; and firm refus'd
Alliance with a Maid, whoſe Wealth was ſmall.
Thus fix'd, in vain their chryſtal Tears were ſhed,
Nor Pray'rs could move their unrelenting Hearts;
Unhappy State! yet Love endeavor'd all,
And ſought for Means to eaſe their lab'ring Minds.
'Twas FLORIMOND propos'd to bear the Maid,
Free from her Parent's Pow'r, to *Suſſex*' Shore;
BENVOLIO there his kinder Uncle dwelt.
The Nymph, with Scruples, long his Aim withſtood,
Nor would conſent to fly her Father's Houſe:
Till the fierce Flame, conſuming Reaſon's Bar,
Conquer'd her Duty. Now the Night was come,
When FLORIMOND receiv'd her in his Arms,

And bore her to the Boat, where a few Friends,
Waited their coming; then a pearly Tear
Stole on her Cheek, and deep forboding Sighs,
Lifted her beauteous Boſom, till her Hope
In FLORIMOND, appeas'd her gentle Soul.

Then ſtretch'd the ſlender Oar, and the light Bark
Cut thro' the glaſſy Surface; not the Breath
Of mildeſt *Zephyr*, curl'd the Element;
All Nature ſeem'd repos'd: The blue Expanſe
Glow'd beauteous with its glitt'ring Habitants;
And *Cynthia*'s Glory, Bliſs ineffable,
Shed on their raptur'd Souls: The twinkling Rays,
From the broad Mirror of the placid Main,
Reſiliating, crown'd the pleaſing Scene:
Thus all was happy, till the middle Flood,
The Boat compreſs'd; when from the ſouthern Sky,
A cloud aroſe, expanding ſtill more wide,
Till its dire Gloomineſs obſcur'd the Scene;

O'er the ſmooth Sea, firſt curl'd a whiſp'ring Breeze,
And died away, till by Degrees the Wind
Roſe to a Tempeſt, and the levell'd Face
Of Ocean, wrinkled with the furrow'd Surge.
Now *Phœbe*'s Light with ev'ry glitt'ring Star's
Excluded, all the Horrors of the Night
Succeeded, then Wave urging Wave, the Boat
Reel'd on the foaming Billows, yet preſerv'd
Her Ballance, and ſtill bounded o'er the Floods:
When from the clouded Vault, loud dreadful Claps
Of fear-impelling Thunder, burſt around;
Mix'd with the forked Light'ning's inſtant Glare,
That flaſhing, ſeem'd to ſet on fire the Heav'ns:
By this terrific Light, an horrid Wave
Was ſeen, impetuous to approach the Bark,
And threat Deſtruction; FLORIMOND then loſt
To ev'ry Hope, preſs'd to his heaving Breaſt
His dear AURELIA, and thus ſoothing ſpoke,

'If then the Will of angry Heav'n, decrees
'Never to reach the Shore, and bleſs our Loves
'On Earth, yet midſt the tranquil ſtarry Space,
'Shall we enjoy each other, mutual bleſs'd,
'Eternal Love'——more would he, but the Wave
Burſt o'er the Boat, fill'd with the foaming Sea,
Whirling ſhe ſunk, the ſtruggling Couple then
Claſping each other, plung'd beneath the Main,
And Death, relentleſs, ſeal'd each languid Eye,
And to a wat'ry Grave conſign'd their Charms.
Their Friends the ſame unhappy Fortune ſhar'd,
With the ill-fated Pair. O could I ſing
Your Worth, in endleſs Verſe! or paint your Wrongs,
In Colors never fading; Ages hence
Shou'd learn your Story, and repeat your Griefs.

The End of the firſt Book.

PORTSMOUTH.

BOOK II.

NOW with precipitated Haſte, away,
Scuds the dark Night, and ſpreads her pitchy Vail,
In th'other Hemiſphere: In eaſtern Climes,
Aurora's Bluſh its Influence ſweetly ſheds,
And with a roſy Luſtre ſtreaks the Skies:
The glorious Sun, refulgent King of Day,
With Majeſty aſcends his ſplendid Throne;
Round whom the ſilver-ſkirted Clouds diſplay
Their dazzling Whiteneſs, ſeeming to enrobe
Th'amazing Pow'r, Creation's ſmiling Face
At his Approach exulting ſhews her Joy.
Chear'd by th'enliv'ning Beams, how beautiful
Each Scene appears! nor animated ſtrive
Alone, to pour their Adoration forth.

What

What Eye can ſuch tranſporting Sight behold
With dull Indiff'rence? Nor perceive the Warmth
Of Gratitude, expand the raviſh'd Heart?
At ſuch a Sight ſhall *Perſia*'s hapleſs Son,
Who nor illumin'd by the greater Light,
Of heavn'ly Love, reveal'd to erring Man,
With bended Knee, and proſtrate Face ador'd
The wond'rous Orb! and breath'd the fervent Pray'r,
Appear contemptible? Ah no, ſuch Scorn
One Morning's Brightneſs muſt eradicate.

While Nature hails the Day, the genial Rays
Impel my Heart, to re-aſſume the Song;
And PORTSEA's pleaſant Iſle, all luminous,
Delights the Eye, and claims the Sonnet due.

A ſhorter Space than is the Life of Man,

Beheld on yonder Spot, the verdant Graſs;
Or *Ceres*' yellow Gifts, with annual Joy,
Luxurioufly reward the Reaper's Toil:

But

But ANNA's Reign diverſified the Scene,
And rais'd the * Town, whoſe wide Extent exceeds
Her Parent PORTSMOUTH; bleſt with ev'ry Art
Of Nations civiliz'd; that Fabric ſee
The Soul to modulate was lately built;
Sacred to Muſic: In the ſilent Eve,
Here the ſweet Treble, with the chordant Baſs,
Conjunct, or varied, ecchoing fills the Roof:
The gentle Flute, or more ſonorous Trump,
The Violin's ſoft Strains, or Hautboy's Sound,
The pealing Organ's univerſal Notes;
With each harmonious Inſtrument, proclaim,
The melting, ſoothing Pow'r of Melody.
When in full Concert, Muſic ſhews her Charms,

Each

---

* *This Place has within half a Century encreaſed ſo as to rival ſeveral Cities in Magnitude: Many of the preſent Inhabitants remember when it was, for the moſt Part, waſte Ground: It ſtill retains the Name of* Portſmouth Common.

Each ſavage Boſom glows with gen'rous Thoughts,
Such is its Influence, the liſt'ning Soul
Lur'd to the raviſh'd Ear, attentive ſits
And feels the myſtic Force, till Tides of Bliſs
Flow o'er the paſſive Frame in Extaſies:
Hail Harmony divine! Shall then thoſe few
Who barb'rous would decry the Art, demand
Our Approbation, or receive Contempt?
But hark! more ſolemn and majeſtic Sounds,
Strike on the trembling Ear, the ſacred Fane
Our Preſence claims; ſhall this unheeded rear
Its modeſt Front, nor meet the due Regard?
Or ſhall th'unprecedented Zeal of thoſe,
Who dar'd in this degen'rate Age, ariſe
And conſecrate to Heav'n, what they enjoy'd
Thro' heav'nly Bounty; prove unworthy Praiſe?
Each riſing Sun could dart its glitt'ring Beams,
On the encreaſing Plan, of Architects;

The

The Town grew more in Beauty and Extent;
But yet unfiniſh'd, ſtill the diſtant Church
Too ſmall; no Temple on the Spot was found,
Where the whole People might adore their God.
When rous'd by Energy divine, a few
Conjoin'd, and offer'd their induſtrious Fruits;
And thus the ſacred * Monument aroſe.

Here when the daily Toil is o'er, advance
The virtuous Men, and in the Hours deſign'd
For Relaxation of corporeal Pow'rs,
In Duty ſpiritual employ their Time.

Is this the Place which Defamation ſtrove
To brand with All immoral and prophane?

Shall

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* Portſmouth Common *growing more and more populous, and every Place of the eſtabliſhed Form of Worſhip being greatly diſtant, an Act of Parliament in the Year* 1753 *was obtained for erecting a Chapel; which, to the Honor of the Inhabitants be it ever ſpoken, was begun and compleated by their own voluntary Subſcriptions.*

Shall then her Sons the raſh proverbial Mark,
Yet guiltleſs bear? rather o'er *Anglia*'s Clime
Let the wide ſpreading Trump of Fame, reſound
The Pious Deed; and Imitation raiſe:
Then Virtue's Face each honeſt Heart ſhall view
In native Splendor, lov'd the longer ſeen,
Conqueſt encreaſing till enraptur'd all
Ruſh to her Arms, and "warm them in her Shine".
Stript of her tinſel Dreſs and treach'rous Maſk,
Vice' haggard Features ſhall repulſive turn,
And her dire Glare, Contempt unſpeakable,
Shoot thro the Eye, and in the Boſom fix.
Then ſhall Religion pure diſpel the Gloom
Of Doubt, and Superſtition's troubled Fears;
Religion! which as ruddy Health imparts
To our material Frames, a nervous Force,
And blooms the Body; to the drooping Soul,
Affords its hopeful Radiance; and the Heart

With trueſt Joy elates. But yonder ſee
Far as where bounds the Sight, the ſhelt'ring Hill,
The * Caſtle wears an antiquated Face,
A ruin'd Emblem of all finite Pow'r:
This by the Man, whoſe greater Soul diſdain'd
Superior, and whoſe mighty Arm, impell'd
Thro ev'ry Troop, an enervating Fear:
When *Gaul* ſubdu'd, confeſs'd his conq'ring Hand,
Britain the common Fortune Shar'd; 'twas then
This Fortreſs had its Origin, and took
The Name of *Cæſar*; and conſtructed ſtrong,
For Years ſucceeding, aw'd the *Britiſh* Pow'r;
Whilſt *Italy*, the Miſtreſs of the World,
To fartheſt *Thule*, diſmiſs'd her Eagle's Flight:
But when the Flood of Luxury and Pride,
With Faction's Pow'r prevail'd, this warlike Fort

Became

* Port-Cæſar, *reported by Tradition to have been built by* Julius Cæſar.

Became in turns offenſive to the Foe.
Revolving Centuries her threat'ning Tow'rs
Now crumbling into Duſt. Here fix the Bounds
Of *Neptune*'s Kingdom; whoſe tranſlucent Wave,
Round-ſearching, the commodious Harbor forms,
And ſafe from Harm, our Royal Navy ſhades.

But mark, the regal Dock, appears to charm
The gazing Eye, and fill the curious Mind,
With Admiration, and Applauſe: O then
My Genius rule the Song! what better Theme,
Than *Britain*'s Hope, Fame, Ornament and Shield?
Theſe which in diſtant Countrys, claim Reſpect,
And *Albion*'s Glory ſhow; The Magazine
Of Arts, where Symmetry exacteſt ſways,
And Order rules in ev'ry Part, to form
The wond'rous Whole. In the long Building, ſee
The Stalk that bended to the ſmalleſt Gale,
And broke at ſlighteſt Touch, by human Art,

Protracted, join'd and ſpun by juſt Degrees,
Attains prodigious Strength; the Thread, the Rope,
And Cable's greater Pow'r; thus Concord yields:
See this unſocial Men, that ſullen ſcoff,
Thro Pride, at each Invention's uſeful Aid;
And will to doom Mankind to ev'ry Ill,
Neceſſity and Barrenneſs produce;
To bend their wiſer Pow'rs to Ign'rance' Shrine,
And level human with the beſtial Herd:
See this, I ſay, a proper Emblem here
Convinces,— ſocial is the greateſt Bliſs.
Now from the Group of Buildings cloudy Spires
Aſcend, where work the ſtout Poſterity,
Of him, who firſt on *Lemnos'* happy Shore,
Precipitated, by the Ire of *Jove*,
From high *Olympus*, taught her kinder Sons,
The Iron's friendly Uſe, and wholeſom Pow'r.
Hark! how the Anvil groans beneath the Blows,

Alternately

Alternately reſounding, from the Fire
Fierce iſſuing, ſee the rude unfaſhion'd Maſs,
Till by Degrees, the Sons of *Vulcan*'s Art,
Moulds to the End deſir'd; the Anchor then
The finiſh'd Work appears, and ſtops their Toil.

Grieve not ye worthy Men! nor murm'ring blame
The Deſtinys Decree, tho ev'ry Pore,
Iſſues the lucid Drop; or tho Fatigue,
Cloſes the Day; ſweet mental Peace is yours,
And grateful Sleep, the conſtant Balm renews;
At ev'ry Morn each Fibre aptly ſtrung,
And Muſcle vigorated, feels its Force;
To you the wholſom Ore, affords the Tide
Of Health, and bleſſes with a Length of Years:
While thoſe whom Fortune places midſt the Courts,
With feſtive Sport ſtill cloying, ſpend their Time;
Theſe loſe the Guſt of Pleaſure, and the Hour
For Sleep aſſign'd, find toſſing out the Night,

Their Minds are Preys to each diſcordant Care.

Mark next where lies the taper Pine, which late
On *Norway*'s gelid Clime, aloft has rais'd
Its Head, and pointed to the Skies; or bow'd
With Tremors, to the bluſt'ring furious Breath
Of *Boreas*, and defied each howling Wind;
Robb'd of its balmy Juices, at the Stroke
Of heavy Ax, falls trembling to the Ground:
This, by the human Art, exactly ſhap'd,
Reſiſted, grateful with its added Wings,
Stems the vaſt Torrent of the fluid Air.

Now farther view a Form of Elegance
Strikes on the roving Eye, a royal * Pile,
By GEORGE's Bounty rais'd, to educate
Thoſe

---

* *The Royal Academy in the King's Yard, for the Inſtruction of young Gentlemen, deſign'd for future Officers in the Navy; where they have the fineſt Opportunity of improving themſelves in the polite Arts, and in every Branch of naval Architecture, at his Majeſty's Expence.*

Thoſe who by Fortune's kinder Lot decreed
Their Country to defend; with gentle Art,
To form their tender Minds, and grace the Soul
With each Embelliſhment: Here Learning ſpreads
Her ſweet alluring Charms: Matheſis ſhews,
Truth to produce from Falſhood's miſty Vail:
Or in the Night ſerene, when Nature lulls
To reſt, each turbulent and anxious Thought;
From yonder * Eminence, th'enquiring Soul
On the *Newtonian* Wing, extends her Flight
Thro Worlds unnumber'd; ſoaring from the Reach
Of Matter's Chain, ſhe inſtantaneous cuts
Infinite Space. From theſe pacific Arts
Their Country's Voice ſhall call the Youth to rule
Her floating Forces. *Raleighs*, *Drakes* and *Blakes*,
Howards and *Sandwich*, hence ſhall ſhine again;

And

* *The Obſervatory.*

And a new *Ruſſell*, blaze his Glory forth
In *Gallia*'s Pride; or on her ſinking Pow'r
Shall mount illuſtrious to eternal Fame.
Shall we, ungrateful, then forget the Tree
Whoſe lofty Boughs *Britannia*'s Trophies bear?
The Oak, which loyal midſt Diſloyalty;
To regal Dignity a Refuge gave;
Hence royal call'd: nor wanted this
The Epithet to claim: Was once this Tree
Baniſh'd our fertile Land; the Glory then
Of *Albion* falls, and *England*'s Name no more,
Shall *India*'s wond'ring Sons articulate:
Then rouſe yourſelves, my Countrymen, nor let
Our late Poſterity, lament the Loſs
Of this our Nation's Ornament: but ſtrive
To make Futurity as equal bleſt.
This uſeful Tree, the happy Subject is
Of thoſe, whoſe fam'd Dexterity diſplays

The mighty Pow'rs of Man, when civiliz'd.
The Timber fell'd is hewn in ſmaller Parts,
And ſhap'd according to the End deſign'd:
Firſt the curv'd Keel appears, from whence ariſe
The crooked Ribs, to which the ſoundeſt Plank
Internal and external join; the Beams
Maſſy are rais'd, and next the ſpacious Decks,
From the Sides ſtretching, the capacious Womb
Divide; then Ornament begins to reign,
And whilſt the Hold the Merchant's Warehouſe braves,
The Parlor's Elegance, the Cabbin boaſts.
Theſe yet ſecure from *Neptune*'s piercing Stream,
By other Arts are made, and Aid requires,
From the tall Tree, and trembling tender Stalk,
This ſofter Subſtance, and that pitchy Juice
That well commix'd, the ſmalleſt Entrance cloſe.
This Form, when *Adam*'s raſh unhappy Race,
Ruſh'd madly, to the Plenitude of Vice,

And call'd deſtruction down, to *Noah* taught
By Heav'n; from guſhing Waters ſafely kept
His Family: Succeeding Ages ſaw
Its Uſefulneſs, and copied the Machine.
But mark how glorious! when the Body form'd
By niceſt Art, well finiſh'd and prepar'd,
To preſs the briny elemental Wave;
The Shoars remov'd, and forceful Screw applied,
Firſt the vaſt Body ſmalleſt Motion feels,
Till by Degrees, when Gravitation's Pow'r
Acts on the wondrous Work; the Plane inclin'd,
Smokes thro the ſliding Weight; the gorgeous Ship
Receives her Name, and ruſhes on the Flood.
From ev'ry gazing Eye, ſhoot Sparks of Joy;
And heart-felt Bliſs, ſpreads an enchanting Smile
On ev'ry Cheek, while from th'admiring Crowd,
Applauſive " Shouts run ecchoing thro' the Skies",
And happy Omens hail th'auſpicious Day.

Now

Now, this well finiſh'd, with *Dædalian* Art,
Others the trembling Maſts, and Cordage fit;
The joyous Crew, bending the ſpreading Sails,
Anticipate in Thought, each future Good,
And in Idea rove wide Oceans o'er.

Thus All compleat, the floating City ſeems,
Eager to ſtem the Tide; when *Æolus*
Breaths his propitious Gales, the Canvas then
Full-bellying, catch the whiſp'ring Breeze, and draw
Th'amazing Body, thro' the yielding Flood:
Britannia's Enſigns are diſplay'd aloft;
Her Guardian Genius ſmiles: The Trumpet's Sound,
Exhilerates the Seamens gen'rous Souls;
And with a martial Fervor, fills their Hearts.

Now by the Weight compreſs'd, the ſilver Waves
Dividing paſs, and eddying meet again;
The Ship majeſtic moving, ſteers her Courſe,
To where, more glorious naval Numbers ſhade

The lovely VECTIS' Coaſt; to theſe approach'd,
From her tall Sides, the ſeeming Light'ning pours,
And ſnowy Clouds, in Circles ſpread around,
Whilſt awful Thunders fill th'attentive Ear:
This Homage due to the ſuperior Flag,
Commanding all the Fleet; which ſoon returns
New Light'ning, Thunders, and the ſnowy Cloud,
Innoxious, pleaſing to the Eye and Ear.
Ah did ſuch Scenes, alone preſent to Man!
How envied wou'd his happy Station prove!
Yet Vice turns all Confuſion, on his Heart,
And racks his Soul; and by Neceſſity
The Good to Evil chang'd, theſe Thunders then,
Like real Thunders, Death extend around:
Hence too, the ſilver Flood and murm'ring Breeze,
To horrid Surges, and to bluſtring Winds,
To Tempeſts, Storms, and Hurricanes are chang'd;
Plunging a *Balchen*, in the briny Deep,

Wrecking

Wrecking the gay-conſtructed Ship. But now
How beautiful the Sight appears! the * Lines
Commanding Wonder: Theſe declare thy Strength,
O *Albion!* then let *Gallia*'s faithleſs Sons,
Ideally indulge their fickle Minds,
Pharſalia, *Platææ*, and *Marathon*,
Divert their Thoughts; on *Actium*, fix your Souls,
Britannia's Children! Nature thus commands.

And ' O thou gracious Pow'r who rul'ſt the Skies!
' Propitious hear my Pray'r, may *Britiſh* Arms,
' On native *Galliſh* Perfidy, beſtow
' The Merit due: Let *England*'s favour'd Hand
' Thine Inſtrument of Vengeance prove, to curb
' Their haughty Arrogance, and quell their Pride:
' May yet her Navy on the azure Main,
' The nat'ral Homage aſk, and ſtill receive;

The

* *The fine Fleets which have this Summer graced* Spithead; *to view which, Crowds of Nobility and Gentry have reſorted to* Portſmouth.

' The Arbiter of jarring Princes prove,
' And *Europe* bleſs with each pacific Good.'
Tis done, my Pray'r is heard, in future Years
Methinks I ſee, *Britannia*'s pow'rful Fleet,
Ruling in ev'ry Sea, an ANSON there,
And HAWKE loud-thundring, on the hoſtile Shore:
See on *Columbia*'s Coaſt BOSCAWEN's Arm
With patriot Zeal, their Inſolence repel:
See captive Admirals, Submiſſion own,
To their tremendous Names; while floats the Pride
Of *France*, conducted to the *Engliſh* Ports.
Nor theſe the only Gifts, new Heroes riſe,
And claim Applauſe, tho' not permitted now,
To ſpeak their glorious Names; yet ſhall the Muſe
In future Songs, reſound their Fame aloud,
And gain the Laurel for the honor'd Theme.

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